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ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE II.

By Mr. *POPE*.

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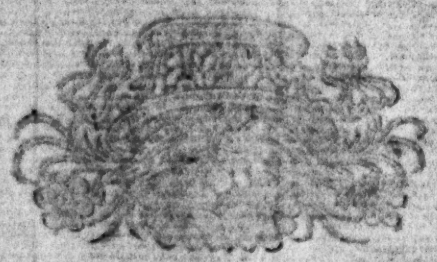

BOOK

DIALOGUE II.

AND

SEVEN HUNDRED

ONE THOUSAND.

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AND
THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE II.

A. IS all a Libel—*P—xt—n* (Sir) will ſay.

B. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhou'd I fret, to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty-nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giant-ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.

A. Yet

A. Yet none but you by Name the Guilty laſh;
Ev'n * *Guthry* ſaves half *Newgate* by a Daſh:
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.

B. How Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſowze on all the Kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
YeRev'rend Atheiſts!—*A.* Scandal! name them, Who?

B. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Mother, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd — the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame-*A.* You mean-*B.* Idon't. *A.* You do.

B. See! now I keep the Secret, and not you.
The bribing Stateſman — *A.* Hold! too high you go.
B. The brib'd Elector — *A.* There you ſtoop too low.

B. I fain wou'd pleaſe you, if I knew with what:
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

* The Ordinary of *Newgate*, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors.

Admit

Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires;
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure — you know what I mean —
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?

A. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.

B. If not the Tradeſman who ſets up to day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Land be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched * *Wild*,
Or if a Court or Country's made a Job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But Sir, I beg you, for the Love of Vice!
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice:
Have you leſs Pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes,
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there — why lay it on a King.

* Jonathan Wild.

A. Stop!

A. Stop! ſtop!

B. Muſt Satire, then, nor *riſe*, nor *fall*?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

A. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.

B. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n *Peter* trembles only for his Ears.

A. What always *Peter*? *Peter* thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence—

B. As *S—k*, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

A. Strange ſpleen to *S—k*!

B. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there *is* who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARBROW name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove*
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGS anew!

* The Houſe and Gardens of *Eſher* in *Surrey*, deſign'd by Mr. *Kent*.

Ev'n

Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love:
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline:
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX were mine.
Oft in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While *Roman* Spirit charms, and *Attic* Wit:
ARGYLE, the States whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, arm'd for Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions and his own.

Names,

Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not Friendſhip only prompts my Lays;
I follow *Virtue*, where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe,
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my † LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man, I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.

A. Then why ſo few commended?

B. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe — the Taſk can ne'er be done,
Each Mother asks it for her Booby Son,

† Sir John Barnard.

Each

Each Widow asks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the Ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe:
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine! [Sin,
—What are you thinking? *A.* Faith, the thought's no
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
B. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
A. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
B. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply —
Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lye.
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,
St. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool —
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.

But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call *Clodius*, *Wolſey*, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine
Oh All-accompliſh'd St. JOHN! deck thy Shrine?

What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd Hackney of the Day,
When *Pax-n* gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows, if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Fools;

Sure

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th'Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do —
A. Hold Sir! for God's-ſake, where's th'Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip what has *S — k* writ?
When did *Ty — l* hurt you with his Wit?
Or grant, the Bard whoſe Diſtich all commend,
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend.*]
To *W — le* guilty of ſome venial Sin,
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flatter y be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray the Florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

B. Faith

B. Faith it imports not much from whom it came
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame:
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of *Weſtphaly*;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a Meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed Benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouſe;
The laſt, full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.

A. This filthy Simile, this beaſtly Line,
Quite turns my Stomach— *B.* So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your Courtly Civet-Cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

But hear me further —*Japhet*, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and *Chartres* ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of *Pindus* guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write.

And muſt no Egg in *Japhet*'s Face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his Brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the Rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

A. You're ſtrangely proud.

B. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by *Ridicule* alone.

O ſacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide.
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
To Virtue's Work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings,
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.

When

When black Ambition ſtains a Publick Cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not *Waller*'s Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor *Boileau* turn the † Feather to a Star.
Not ſo, when diadem'd with Rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe, forbids the Good to dye,
And ope's the Temple of Eternity;
There other *Trophies* deck the truly Brave,
Than ſuch as *Anſtis* caſts into the Grave;
Far other *Stars* than * and * * wear,
And may deſcend to *Mor—ton* from *Stair*:
Such as on * HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY! from a Heart like thine.
Let Envy howl while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;
Let Flatt'ry ſickening ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:

† In his Ode on *Namur*; where (to uſe his own words) *il a fait un Aſtre de la Plume blanche qui le Roy porte ordinairement a ſon Chapeau, & qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis.*

* Dr. *Hough* Biſhop of *Worceſter*.

Truth

Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes Immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law:
Here, Laſt of *Britons!* let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall, by the Votes of their degen'rate Line!

A. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays* on *Man.*

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FINIS.